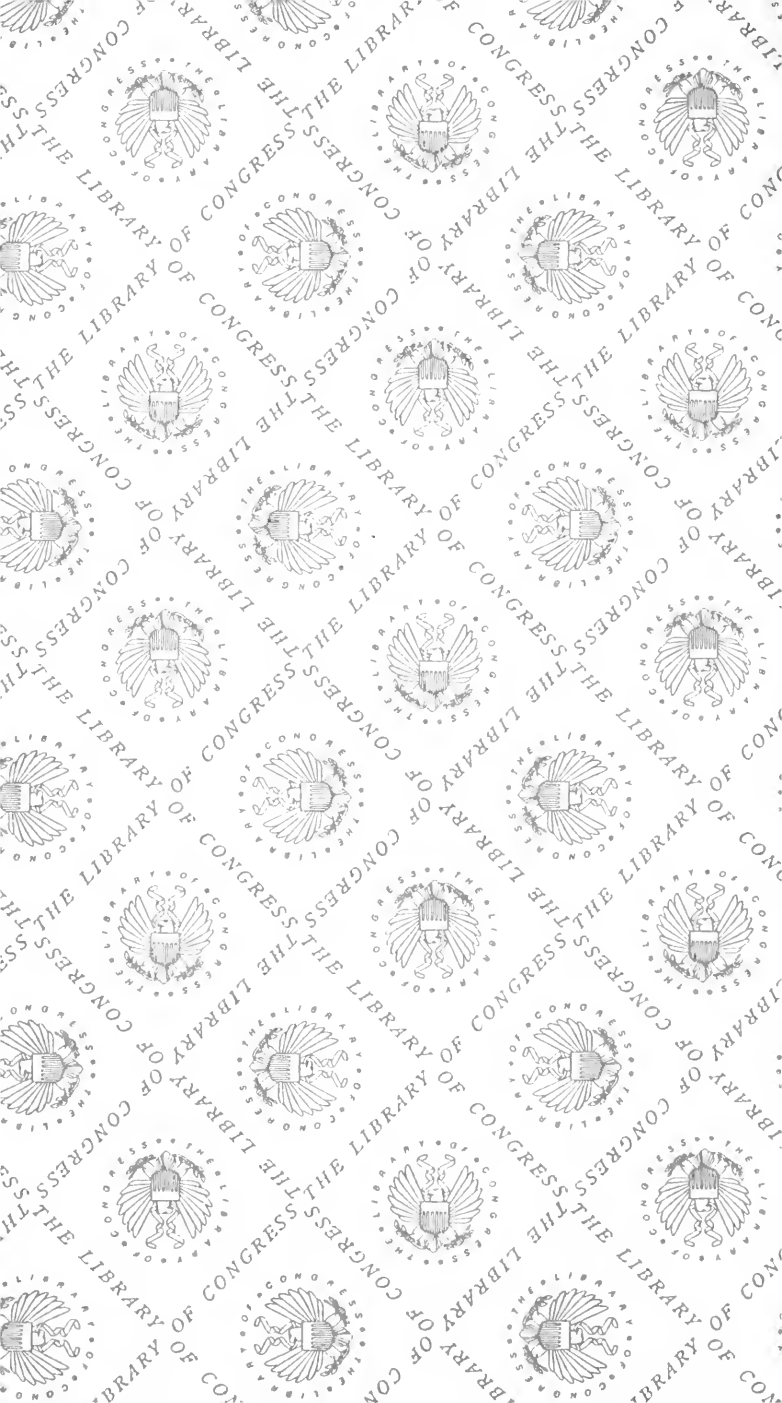
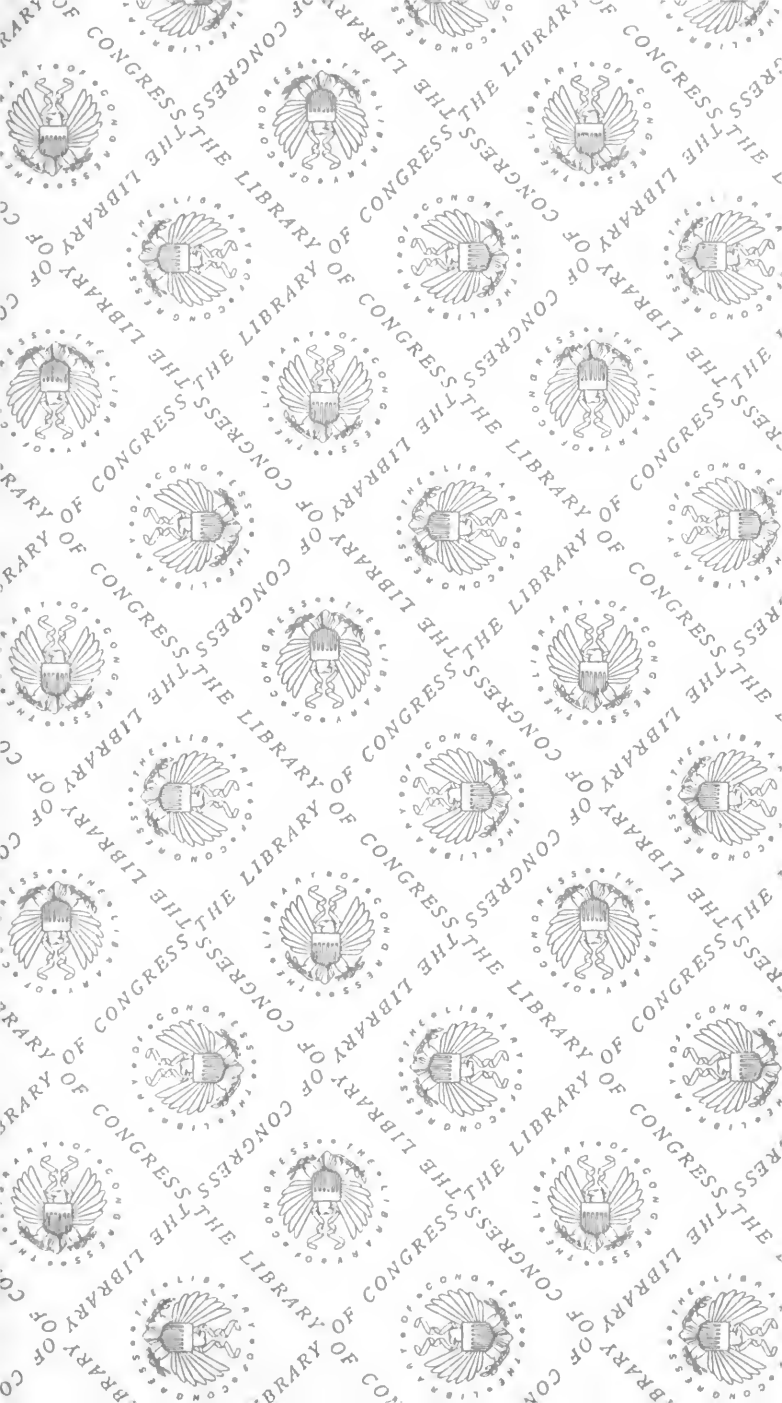


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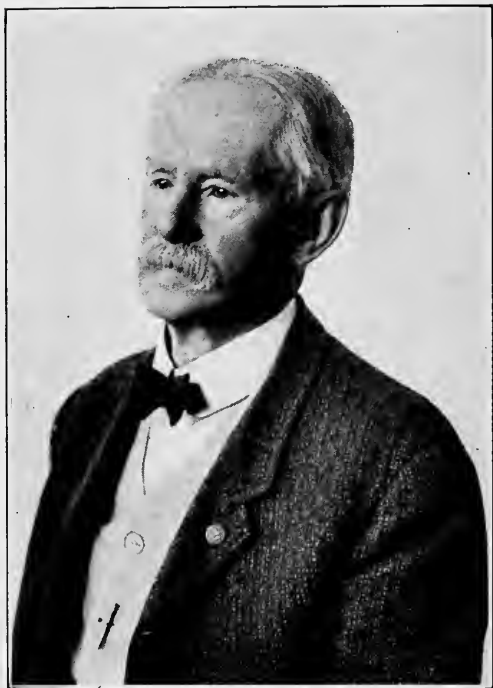
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Compliments of compiler,
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ALBERT S. PEASE

ALBERT S. PEASE

10

SELECTIONS FROM HIS POEMS

WITH AN

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

AND A

GENEALOGY OF HIS DESCENDANTS

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JAMES T. WHITE & CO.

NEW YORK

1915

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DEDICATION

IN LOVING MEMORY OF FATHER,
MOTHER AND HOME, THIS BOOK IS
DEDICATED BY THE CHILDREN OF
ITS AUTHOR

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INTRODUCTION

After the death of Albert S. Pease, his MSS were handed to his surviving children. Too bulky for publication in their entirety, they have been carefully edited. Many of the poems have been omitted; others have been condensed or re-arranged. The Autobiography has been somewhat expanded. For the convenience of his survivors and their children the Genealogy has been added. We trust that what is here put forth may prove of permanent value and may bring pleasant and grateful memories to many friends.

SELECTIONS FROM THE
POEMS
OF
ALBERT S. PEASE



EARLIER POEMS

THE NEGRO'S APPEAL

Poughkeepsie, December 13, 1848

Say, why am I hooted and shunned
As I peacefully journey along?
God knows I am wretched enough—
To the African race I belong.
It's a stigma I never can 'scape,—
Why 'tis so I can not divine,
Yet men in their ignorance make
My complexion a heinous crime.

Can it be that I'm different made
From the rest of the human race?
Are these not humanity's tears
That stand on my ebony face?
Tears forced from a natural eye,
Placed there by a hand Divine,
Human heart and feeling imply—
Say, what is my heinous crime?

I can hate, and despise, and love;
I can cheat, I can lie, and steal;
Can sincere, or a hypocrite prove—
These things, that I'm human, reveal.
I try to be happy and good,
To do right does my heart incline,
Yet I'm hated, suspected, despised—
Say, what is my heinous crime?

Have I wronged the least child in the world?
Have I scorned the advice of men?
Have I treacherous proven, and vile?

If so, oh! when—tell me, when?
I faithfully toil for my bread,
I provide for myself and mine;
By the hand of industry they're fed—
Then, what is my heinous crime?

Why should I be scorned and abused
For that which I can not control?
Their words do not stop at my heart,
They stab to the depths of my soul,
Till I'm forced to complain of my lot,
And to curse the unhappy design
That showed me this wilderness spot,
Where to differ is counted a crime.

But I trust I shall finally rest
From the trials I have to endure,
And accept from my Maker the test
That can joys everlasting secure.
Still I'll look with a pitying eye
Upon those who scoffed at me in Time,
And bid them this fact to descry—
That in heaven, to differ's no crime.

LOVERS

Over and over and over,
This question I would define,
How to be worthy lover
Of a love so large as mine?

Over and over and over:
What raptures of joy and pride!
I am an accepted lover!
My love is to be my bride!

Love and lover, lover and loved;
There is no grief nor gloom;
Life and death, death and life—
Love shall forever bloom.

“I love you.” Are these words old?
Old or young, they are true;
This beautiful song will ever be sung—
“The world grows old, but lovers are young.”
And ever this rapturing truth will be told—
This wonderful “I love you!”

GOOD-BYE

O deep, broad word! ye are
A treacherous sea
That intervenes betwixt
My Love and me.

With outstretched arms, I stand
Upon the shore,
There is no favoring gale
To bear me o'er.

The crested billows hide
My Love from me,
And all my birds of hope
Fly out to sea.

The raging storm roars out,
O, wild and high!
With laugh, and taunt, and shout,
“Good-bye!” “Good-bye!”

The higher-dashing waves
My faith defy,
And drown within my soul
The unuttered cry.

* * * * *

The angry winds abate,
The sea is fair;—
Good-bye has turned to fate,
Love to despair.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE

(On the evening of August 18, 1858, a great meeting was held in the Universalist church, on Cannon Street, Poughkeepsie, to celebrate the completion of the laying of the Atlantic Cable, and to do honor to its originator, S. F. B. Morse. Mayor Charles W. Swift presided at the meeting. The following was the programme: Historical Sketch of Telegraphy, by Benson J. Lossing; Address by Judge Gilbert Dean; Poem, by A. S. Pease; Address, by Prof. Henry, of Smithsonian Institute; Address, by Hon. John Thompson. The following are selected passages from this poem, which is too long to admit of publishing in full.)

The world grows wiser, better, every day,
Despite what pessimistic doubters say.
Love, Peace, Truth, Liberty, best trace
The real progress of the human race.
All systems serve the future best in their decay;
Palingenesiis o'er the earth has sway.
There are no limitations that can bind
Eternal spirit nor immortal mind.
Infinite mind, in infinite display,
Is the true secret of Creation's way.
God's thoughts are things, the fiat of his will,
Which Man, God's likeness, supplements with skill.
Things, thoughts of God, are his benignant plan
In full provision of the needs of Man.
The will of God (impossible to verse),
Is perfect law, throughout the universe.

The mind, O, giant power, unchained and free,
How long had been thy sad captivity!
Hindered by ignorance, slave of sin and sense,
Helpless to aspire, or to make defense
Against the assaults of error, superstition,

God pitied thee in thy supine condition,
And thou wert startled from thy long disgrace
To make endeavor and regain the place
From whence ye fell, and where ye may survey
The wonders of the universe in their display,
And comprehending facts, and tracing forces
Through mazy paths, investigate their sources,
Defy their terrors, vanquish them in fight,
And make them helpers to promote the right;
Weigh worlds, mark distances, and sweep
Time's cobwebs from the caverns of the deep;
Clutch the mad lightning from the fretted sky,
Command it at thy stern behest to hie
And do thy bidding, though it be to flee
From continent to continent beneath the surging sea.

Now education, science, skill and art,
From earth and air their mysteries impart
To aid investigation, and to find
Endeavors worthy of immortal mind;
Mountains are leveled, light is closely scanned,
Lightning arrested, mighty projects planned
Which take within the scope of their embrace
Not men, nor nations, but the human race;
While subtle skill and daring enterprise
Essay their conquests to the very skies;
Or, bending from such lofty heights to ocean,
Where tempests lash its waves to wild commotion,
By energy and perseverance led
Grade mind's great highway o'er its mighty bed.

O, wondrous miracle of human thought!
Two worlds thus into close communion brought!
Two nations, erst engaged in horrid war,
Now clasping hands, in peace, from shore to shore!
Sheathed be the dagger; dipped no more in blood

The pen which doth their history record;
O'er all the earth let Love her sway extend,
Oppression cease, and superstition end,
And truth, obscured by error's hindering night,
Shine forth, reflecting Christ's revealing light;
Open the prison doors, the bound release;
These are thy blessed victories, O Peace.

I cannot close this celebration song,
Although 'tis now Atlantic cable long,
Without brief mention, which you will endorse,
Of our loved townsman, Samuel F. B. Morse.
A Christian gentleman, of modest mien,
He occupies a throne, this hour, I ween,
Far more exalted than old England's queen;
Swaying no scepter from the kingly place,
His loyal subjects are the human race;
Has he no need in princely state to move,
His palace royal is a nation's love;
His empire boundless space, where minds converse
With the great forces of the universe;
No royal title could enhance his worth,
No braying trumpet sound his praises forth,
Seeks he for neither wealth, nor power, nor fame,
These be but shadows that pursue his name,
And yet, to be the man he is today
How many kings might cast their crowns away.

Honor to those whose persevering toil
Nor winds, nor waves, nor man's contempt could foil;
Who battled bravely, planned and waited till
The subtle lightning yielded to their will.
To Franklin, Morse, Field, Taylor, Cooper, all
Who heard and heeded, and obeyed the call
Of destiny and science, learning, art,
Speaking in urgent whispers to the heart.

Honor I say, to all who bore a hand
To stretch this mighty cord from land to land;
Praise to the mind whose lofty vision scanned,
Praise to the genius the great project planned,
Praise to the purpose that was not defeated,
Praise to the wondrous work that's been completed.
O'er all the earth build monuments sublime,
Broad at their base and durable as time,
To bear these names, that ages yet to be
May read the record of the deeds we see;
Long live these names in hist'ry and in story,—
But unto God, the Lord, be all the glory.

THE COMING MAN

This poem, here revised and greatly abridged, was read at a public meeting of the Philomathean Society, held at the Universalist Church, on Cannon Street, Poughkeepsie, June 18, 1858. The Society was composed of members of the State and National Law School, where the writer was a student. (See Biographical sketch.)

Is human life but folly?
But a time for fun?
Is there nothing solid?
Is the race we run
But a quest for pleasure,
But a chase for gain?
Is existence but a bubble?
Is all endeavor vain?
Are the votaries of fashion,
The boasting charlatan,
The nabob and empiric
The highest style of man?

Shall man's human nature
Ever be depraved?
From the wreck of Eden
Was there nothing saved?
From the vale of sorrow,
In the darkened skies,
Will no power rescue,
Will no light arise?

Piercing through the darkness
Of the world's long night,
Saw ye not the glimmer

Of the coming light?
Flickering like a beacon
In the East at play,
Dancing in the portals
Of the rising day?

While a wail of sorrow,
As of nature sighing,
Falls upon the ear—
“Humanity is dying!”

Heard ye not the music
Of the singing spheres,
Jubilant that mercy
Pleads for man in tears?
Hear ye not the shout
From generations graved,
And from Redemption’s voice,
“Humanity is saved!”

Glancing up the future,
See ye not unfurled
Hope’s inspiring rainbow
Arching o’er the world?
Through the gorgeous portals—
Equal to its span—
Christ-like in his bearing,
Moves the Coming Man.

Learning, Love, and Science
Feed man’s craving mind,
Nature’s subtle forces
Serve him, unconfined;
From the thrall of error
Freedom has been wrought,
And the world is conquered
By the power of thought.

The Sons of Toil,
Delving in virgin soil,
Reap harvests from the boundless fields
Where Nature yields
Her stores,
Her ores,
Her luscious fruits,
Her health-restoring roots,
Her priceless gems
To glisten in the diadems of kings.
And the Sea,
Restless and free,
Yields up the secrets of its deep
And flowing tides,
Wherein resides
A force gigantic, until now asleep;
And the viewless air,
And threatening thunder cloud
Their mysteries declare
In voices loud.
These, at Man's behest,
Do carry his request,
Affrighted,
Through the rolling, restless, seething Sea.

The Sons of Toil
No longer may recoil
From mysteries
Like these,
But with the grasp of mind,
May bind
The forces of earth, air, and sea;
And every creature
In the whole creation
Takes its station,
Subject to man's control.

And yet, O God! the Soul,
Burdened with crushing fears
Of endless years
Of sorrow and distress,
And woe remediless—!
Can there be no release
From death eternal,
And no surcease
Of tendencies infernal?

The Votary of Art,
Toiling to impart
To stone or scroll
Something of the thought
By genius wrought
In the laboratory of the soul,
Bends all the energies of mind
To find
The perfect mould
To hold
The beauteous image which the will
Would fill
With life, and grace, and power—
But the fashion of his image falls below
The perfect forms that through his being flow.

The Student
Contemplating from the past afar
The mysteries and purposes of war,
The rise of nations,
Their decline, and fall,
The prophecies of poet,
The deeds heroic
Of warrior and reformer,
Statesman and martyr,—
By History's glimmering ray

Traces the tortuous way
That Man has trod
In quest of Truth, and Harmony, and God.

Or as he seeks to trace Creation's laws,
Sounding the purposes and plans of the First Cause
Of all that is or shall be,
Scanning the omnipotence of God, and his Eternity;
Or searching with the torch of Truth
The deep recesses of mysteries abstruse,
Discerns by Revelation's light,
How the smitten soul may take its flight
Through the immensity of doubt and night
Back to Divinity.

From the Sacrificial Altar,
From the many faiths that falter,
From the beacon light we see
Beaming forth from Calvary,
From the grave where Jesus wept,
From the tomb where Jesus slept,
From the universal sighing
When the Son of Man was dying,
From the Alleluys yet
Heard to ring from Olivet,
From the martyr and apostle,
From the pages of the Gospel,
From the hero and the sage,
From the good of every age,
Come there voices as of Angel,
Bringing man the grand Evangel
That there is from death exemption,
That there is for man redemption.

* * * * The soul shall see
Prophetic dreams of what shall be:—

Nor war, nor cruelty, nor strife
Shall mar the dignity of life,
Nor shackles of Oppression bind,
Nor Error chain the human mind,
Nor greed of gold the powers employ,
Nor thirst for fame the heart destroy,
Nor Bacchanalian drown the soul
In dissipation's damning bowl,
Nor servile multitudes applaud
The workers of successful fraud,
Nor Ignorance, nor Vice, nor Crime
On crimson couch of ease recline,
Nor Poverty a curse shall be,
Nor Toil a mark of infamy.
But he shall be most truly great
Whose tutored genius can create
Great thoughts, new beauties, pure desires,
Adding his Vestal to the fires
That light the darkness—
That all the waiting world may scan
The highway of the Coming Man.

The Coming Man, whose constant thought
Shall be with Peace and Virtue fraught,
Whose mind shall clutch with giant grasp
And conquer and improve the Past,
Wrest from the hand of Fate the rod,
And be, and live, a child of God.

The Coming Man, whose lofty soul
Shall comprehend the mighty whole
Of Revelation's perfect plan,
To rescue, save, ennoble man,
And change his fear of death infernal
To faith in God, and Life Eternal.

The Coming Man, whose faith shall see,
The Christ that was, is, is to be;
Who, drinking from the fount of Truth,
Shall live in everlasting youth,
And thrill in every nerve that he
Is heir to immortality.

Heaven speed the day, strive every one who can
To introduce God's perfect Coming Man.

MY BOY

Written on the death of Albert Irving Pease, November 12, 1857, aged 2 years and 10 months. This is reminiscent of the father's game of hide and seek with his baby.

What time my yearning heart
 Brooded with joy
Over a precious child—
 A noble boy.

Death saw the "sunbeam"
 From heaven astray,
And wanting the treasure,
 Snatched it away.

Starless grew the night;
 Had the day no sun;
O'er all the flowers
 Black shadows hung.

And midst the darkness,
 In accents wild,
A voice, constant crying,
 "My child! My child!"

While ever an answer,
 Gleesome and clear,
Comes out from the darkness—
 "*Father, I'm here.*"

And the old enjoyment
 Comes back anew—
When hearing his laughter,
 Hidden from view.



ALBERT IRVING PEASE



And I think to see him
In great delight,
Bound from his covert,
And burst on my sight.

Thus, years I've waited—
Waited in pain—
But the blessed "Sunbeam"
Comes not again.

Still those thrilling accents
Burst on my ear,
From out the darkness,
"Father, I'm here!"

"Where, child, where art thou?
Say where thou art!"
"Here, Father! don't you *feel* me?
Here, in your heart!"

THE YEARS

Years are swiftly passing by :
As a swallow swift they fly.
Slow they pass when childhood's days
Have no other thought than plays ;
Tardily they lag, forsooth,
To impatient, hopeful youth ;
Steadily and grand they roll
To the man's impassioned soul,
Full of life, and thought, and power,
Bursting bud, and blooming flower.
But as age comes tottering on
Galloping they dash along,
Always briefer, quicker growing ;
Always deeper, faster flowing ;
 'Till the man in his frail bark,
 Distant and more distant seems
 From the fairy-land of dreams :
 Soon we lose him in the dark.

Years are mile-stones on the way ;
 Records only of the Past.
How much farther is the road ?
 Whither tending ?
 Where has ending ?
None may know, for none have trod.
 Gain we nought by pushing fast ;
Save we nought by timid stay.

O, the years ! the blessed years !
 Full of hope, and full of grief ;
 Full of sorrow, full of fears,

Full of laughter and of tears,—
Long to youth, to age how brief
Are the fleeting, blessed years!

Years are rivulets that flow
Down the mountain-heights of time:
Sparkling, swelling, placid, deep,
Swiftly flowing, with a sweep
Restless and resistless ever;
Always flowing, sluggish never;
To the earnest soul, sublime;
To the indolent, how slow!

O! the years! the great, grand years!
How they sweep, and how they sway!
How majestically roll,
To the vision of the soul,
O'er Time's wonderful highway,
The revolving, rapid years!

THE NEW YEAR

'Neath a coverlet of snow,
Nature drear and stiff is lying,
While the consummated year
On a couch of ice, is dying.

Over all her prostrate form
Chilling, freezing winds are blowing;
Underneath increasing ice
Sluggish tides of life are flowing.

Youth and hope and friends have perished;
Life and fortune all have fled;
And the solemn bell at midnight
Dismal tolls: "*The year is dead!*"

Hark! a cry, as infant wailing,
Sounds from out the bells that ring;
Hark! a shout, as nations hailing
Full of hope, their new-crowned King.

See, he comes! the youthful monarch!
Health and promise in his form;
Heeds he not the shouts of welcome,
Heeds he not the howling storm.

Underneath his feet are springing
Grass and grain, and fruit and flowers;
In his train are servants bringing
Choirs of birds and summer showers.

On his brow is firmly sitting
Hope's eternal, golden crown;
And above him, angels flitting,
Pour celestial music down.

Music thrilling all the nations;
Whispering in each ear of peace;
Nerving all to fill their stations,
Hoping for old wrongs to cease.

Give the youthful monarch welcome!
Hail his coming! with a cheer
Full and free and long and hearty
Welcome in the New-born Year.

NEW YEAR THOUGHTS

How the years go flitting by!
Time delays not in his stage;
Loiters not at laugh or sigh;
Heeds not infancy nor age.

Neither do our lives delay;
Travel we as fast as time;
We are children "out at play,"
And we startle at the chime—

Of the solemn swaying bell,
Marking the departed year;
With its thought-compelling knell
Calling us from joy to fear.

All the future of our lives
We may render good or ill;
Not *Eternity*, but *NOW*
Sends the soul to Heaven or Hell.

Would we look for futures good?
We must well improve our time;
Would we reap Eternal life,
We must make *this* life sublime.

Then mourn not departed years,
Nor this present age deplore;
But with higher aim resolve
To obtain the good in store.

For the honest, earnest soul,
Profiting by every rod,

Struggling to be free from death,
Struggling up toward Truth and God.

Hopes reach farther than remembrance,
Rising suns long shadows cast;
Somewhere in the great hereafter
We shall overtake the past.

What the witness it shall bear us,
What deceptions sweep away,
What approve by testimony,
Let each ask himself today.

By our thoughts our souls are fashioned;
By our lives and by our faith
We are heirs of life immortal,
Or of everlasting death.

From effect there's no escaping;
Compensation, just and stern,
With a judgment never erring,
Pays the wages that we earn.

So the world, where nations warring,
In red blood their triumphs steeping,
Takes and yields in due proportion,
Giving for each sowing, reaping.

Fate is not a hard task-master,
Reaping where he has not strown.
Vain to seek bread-yielding harvests
Where no cereals are sown.

Fate is but the consummation
Of the life work of the soul;
Dread it not, nor shrink with horror,
'Tis our being's perfect whole.

TIME

Time is no spendthrift. Men alone do waste
The patient years, the fleeting hours, in haste
To chase and clutch at Fortune's flaunting gown.
Reckless that each soul heir is to a crown,
Man dissolutes his powers, and prefers
Gold to the dignity which Heaven confers;
Tames his great spirit like a brute, to crouch
At death and fate; and drags him to the tomb,
Whining and fearful of a self-earned doom.

Events are not of Time; they only trace
The steady progress of the human race
Upon the records of the rolling years.
No least transaction ever disappears
From off the pages of the past, but flows
Adown the ages, as the metal glows
Upon its passage to the pattern made to hold
The perfect image which the master-mind would
mould.

Time serves, not sits in judgment over man.
Time has no power futurity to scan.
'Tis but a sea, with rapid flowing tide,
Upon whose bosom myriad vessels glide,
Borne by the wafting winds and rolling waves
To noble harbors, or ignoble graves.
The calms are treacherous, and the storms are dark,
Steer well, O pilot, lest thou strand thy bark.

SPRING

Each spring is a new creation;
Ever the uttered word—
The “Let there be” of Jehovah—
Plain to the sense is heard.

If you listen you’ll hear the rustle
Of life ’neath the wasting snow;
If you pause you will sense the pulses
Of streams in their swelling flow.

Warm in the lap of nature,
The dear old mother earth,
Are myriads of fairy creatures
Waiting the hour of birth.

The clouds are swelling to bursting
With warm and mellowing showers;
From garden and valley are wafted
Odors of op’ning flowers.

A sense of the coming gladness
The hearts of the children thrills,
And warmth, like a benediction,
Over the earth distills.

Each spring is a new creation;
Ever the uttered word—
The “Let there be” of Jehovah—
Plain to the sense is heard.

A DIRGE

Written in 1866, on the death of the Hon. James S. Thorn.

Dead! Dead! Dead!

The living spirit sped.

How could it be, that he, so loved of all,
From such young life, and such bright hopes, should
fall?

Dead! Dead! Dead!

The cheering presence fled.

Oh, Death, thou art so cruel and so bold!
Oh, Grave, thou art so dismal and so cold!

Dead! Dead! Dead!

From off a weary bed

Bear gently—gently bear him to the tomb;
Our tears, our love, will mitigate its gloom.

Dead! Dead! Dead!

Pillow the weary head

Upon thy bosom, Mother Earth. Thy child
Was noble, modest, truthful, prond and mild.

Dead! Dead! Dead!

Above his grave will spread

Dead leaves, as emblems of his life so brief;
Cold snows, as emblems of our hearts' great grief;
To deck his grave will fall warm summer showers;
So, sorrow's tears shall call forth memory's flowers.

TRIBUTE TO GEN. WINFIELD SCOTT

Delivered at a memorial meeting, held at the Court House, Troy, N. Y., June 1, 1866.

The noble Hudson leaves its rock-bound shore,
And flows with current dark and deep and still;
And as the shades of evening sombre lower,
Reflects with pride each towering cliff and hill.

Among the Highlands, as it wends its way
Around West Point, it eddies swift and strong,
And tarries there, like children fond of play,
About a spot full rich in deed and song.

High on those banks are citadel and tower,
And ancient trees outspreading, wide and tall,
And stately dome, and guns that speak with power,
And shot, and shell, and pyramids of ball.

And higher yet doth old Fort Putnam rest,
With age and storm and recollections brown;
And like a monarch of a glorious past,
From off a rock-firm seat, looks calmly down.

Looks down upon such deeds as made us free;
Looks down upon such men as gave us fame;
Looks down upon a land from sea to sea
The home of freedom. Here our warrior came.

Large-framed and kingly, enervate from strife,
With heart that throbbed with sympathy, through
wrong.
With heart that loved his country as his life,
And purpose stronger than his frame was strong.

Here, after fifty years of toil and war,
And victory won, and battle seldom lost;
Here, when the labors of his life were o'er,
He waited patient, at his duty's post.

Here died he, as the great and good should die,
As though God's special herald called him hence;
And here his noble form at rest shall lie,
His fame surviving, as his recompense.

A faithful herald of an old king cried,
When he had told him "Tell the dead I come,"
"Ye dead, my master comes!" and instant died,
And sped his soul, to make his master room.

So cries a herald from each heart to-night,
To all those slain our hero loved so well,
Who heard his voice, obeyed him in the fight,
And at his bidding bravely fought and fell.

The place that once was hallowed by the feet of
Washington;
The place where died our hero, when his noble life
was done;
And from whence our later chieftains gathered wisdom for the fray
That has left its scars and furrows on the features of
today,
Shall a Mecca be, forever; and posterity will turn
To add its meed of praises—while the vestal fires burn
On the altar of our country—bowing reverent at the
spot
Where repose the honored ashes of the loved and noble
Scott;
For the wreaths which pressed his temples clothed a
nation with renown,
And he wore his laurels nobly, as a king might wear
a crown.

POEMS OF MIDDLE LIFE



INVOCATION TO SANTA CLAUS

Dear Santa Claus, on good deeds bent,
Bring to the world love, peace, content,
And glow all hearts with Christmas cheer
To crown the closing of the year.

In the dear sacred, holy name
To all mankind this truth proclaim:
All gifts are adequately priced
If given in the name of Christ.

Bring health and happiness and joys
To men and women, girls and boys.
And cheer, contentment, grace, and bounty
To every household in the county.

Make all the nations glad to hear,
With pure desire, and willing ear,
That living benediction still:
“On earth be peace, to men good will.”

Dear Santa Claus, on good deeds bent,
Bring to the world love, peace, content;
That every land may feel and see
The Christ that was—is—is to be.

SANTA CLAUS INTERVIEWED

Dear Santa Claus, so near—so far—
Please pause, and tell us who you are.
We know your name, but can not tell
From whence you come, or where you dwell,
Nor how you look, nor yet your age,
Nor why in good deeds you engage.

Santa Claus:

I'm older, you may safely say,
Much older than Methuselah.
The King of Salem, as appears,
Was sovereign for unmentioned years.
His reign had end as "King of Peace,"
My reign of love shall never cease.
And then you question who I am?
I am not woman, child, nor man.
To tell you just the very truth,
My age is never-ceasing youth.
Some think me old and worn and gray;
"Old Santa Claus," the children say,
But still of me they have no fears.
If ever children shed sad tears,
It is when "Santa" does not come
With Christmas presents to their home.
Just who I am I may not tell;
Some time the world shall know me well,
And know my kindred, too; we three—
Love, Joy, and Peace—we brothers be;
We three are one, there is no other;
And of the three, I'm elder brother.
You wish to know, too, where I dwell?

You, better than myself, can tell.
Ask of your heart; if anywhere
You search to find me, find me there.

I am as subtle as a thought;
I can't be seen; I may be caught;
I am not here, I am not there,
I'm there, and here, and everywhere.
I'm in the dark, I'm in the light;
The shadows that I cast are bright;
Where'er a heart is eased from care
It is because I tarry there.
My bosom thrills with ecstasy
When loving hearts respond to me.

You certainly should know me now, because
I've told you who I am—I'm Santa Claus.

THE SUMMER IS PASSING AWAY

The summer is passing away;
The flowers are drooping and dying;
The apple trees bend with their fruit;
The elves in the corn are at play;
While a voice through the trellis is sighing,
"The summer is passing away."

The summer is passing away.
The birds have forsaken their young;
The robin still chirps near the door;
The bobolink lengthens his stay,
But I hear only this in their song:
"The summer is passing away."

The summer is passing away.
The sunshine falls thin on the grass;
The night dews are heavy and dank;
The forest trees solemnly say,
And the rivulets murmur, "Alas!
The summer is passing away."

The summer is passing away:
And the thought to the senses is sad.
But the orchard trees bend with their fruit,
And the elves in the corn are at play,
And the heart of the reaper is glad
That the summer is passing away.

* * * * *

Life's summer is passing away.
The visions of childhood are fled;
The senses are blunted by age;

The raven locks turning to gray;
The friends of our infancy dead—
Life's summer is passing away.

“Life's summer is passing away,”
Is whispered by heavenly voices.
But with hope, labor, patience, and faith,
Having toiled through the heat of the day,
The soul of the Christian rejoices
That life's summer passes away.

LEARNING TO SKATE

Is any one disposed to learn
This art for which so many yearn?
Stand up erect; the ankles stiffen;
Surcease your clinging, screaming, laughing,
And with a proud, defiant air,
Strike bravely out, now here—now there—
Right—left—right—left—but not so wide;
Now stand erect, and swiftly glide,
And, without aid of friend or lover,
Your equilibrium recover.
Now, try again: now! this way—that way—
This way—that way—this way—that way!
Let the arms swing free and easy;
Never mind the air so breezy,
In its breath is health and life,
In your form the future wife
Of some delighted, loving beau,
Watching you, as swift you go
Over the ice, a very queen
Of grace and beauty. But I ween
That now and then you'll get a fall—
Dress, petticoats, head, heels and all,
In quite an interesting "muss."
But never mind, don't make a fuss,
E'en though you hear from two or three:
"How very cold the ice must be!"
Mind, if you are too circumspect,
You'll never learn to stand erect,
Or, if you slips and falls berate,
You'll never, never learn to skate.

THE FARMER

Up with the sun in the morning,
Greeted with cheers by birds,
Brushing the dew from the grasses,
Petting his patient herds,

The farmer calls to his oxen,
And without harsh word, or blow,
They submit their huge necks to the ox yoke,
And go with the farmer to plow.

Greater than chariot and horses
Crushing o'er living and slain,
The farmer, directing his oxen,
Goes cheerfully slow through the lane.

Apple and cherry and peach tree
Are banners and flags on his way;
Rooster and robin and raven
To him are as trumpets that bray.

The groves are reverberant with music,
Spring perfumes enliven the sense;
The squirrels, alarmed at his coming,
Go scamp'ring along the rail fence.

The farmer feels kinship with nature,
Toil to him is no hardship nor rod,
He joys in the dignified pleasure
Of "working together with God."

Like a captain that plans for a conflict,
The farmer contemplates his field:
Loam, clay, muck, greensward, and gravel
To his plow and his oxen must yield.

Long, rolling and deep are the furrows,
And they follow, like waves of the sea:
A sailor as well as a soldier,
A man and a hero is he.

His share cleaves the soil like a saber,
It is brighter than bayonet or spear,
Deep down in the dark, among terrors,
It thrusts, without mercy or fear.

The field is subdued to his pleasure,
The furrows lie closer than slain,
And the farmer, through dragging and sowing,
Has visions of acres of grain.

The farmer has finished his plowing,
His oxen, with low-drooping heads,
Hot, panting, and tired from the furrow,
Have lain themselves down 'neath the sheds.

And the farmer, though soiled by his labor,
Is happy, though hungry and worn;
He has rendered his fellows a service,
Will bless the whole world with his corn.

WHY PEOPLE GO TO CHURCH

Lines from a poem entitled "The Old Church Carpet," which was read at a literary entertainment held in the First Baptist Church, Saratoga Springs, June, 1871, during the pastorate of the Rev. William Cheetham.

O when will pulpits learn to lay aside the "rod,"
And preach the love of Christ, and not the wrath of
God?

I don't propose to institute a search
To ascertain why people go to church;
Nor yet expose the thoughts that fill the head
When hymns are sung, and earnest prayer is said;
Nor curse the heresies of form and creed
When Orthodoxy can't supply the need
Of hungry souls which starve for solid food.

To go to church in trusting, loving mood
Believing God is love, and guards with care
Each human life, and be confronted there
With threats of ill, and everlasting woe,
Unnerves the heart, and, as a thoughtless blow,
Strikes down the image of the God that fills
The mind's conception, and devotion kills,
And dims the Christ, and makes Church Creeds to
stand

In place of Jesus, at the Lord's right hand.

'Tis often said, some people go to church
Just for a pleasant walk, and not to search
The Holy Scriptures without thought of strife,
Thinking therein to find eternal life;

That other some go there to join in talk,
Perhaps with those who go just for a walk;
That others to the house of worship wend
Hoping thereby to gain an added friend.
Some doubtless go in hopes to mend their ways,
While many others do nought else but gaze
About the church to catch the latest fashions,
Without a thought of how to curb their passions.
That one may go in hope to get a lover,
And others go, thereby their faults to cover,
Can be no doubt; and some just doze and nod.
But all who go with pure hearts, worship God.

If but one soul, by eye of faith may see
The open portals of eternity,
And rise above the things of sense and time,
The simplest preaching then becomes sublime.
The Christ is there to glad the saddened heart,
Aye, God is there, his blessing to impart;
And light breaks in upon the spirit's eyes
And shows the way, by faith, to Paradise.

THE WORKMAN'S SATURDAY NIGHT

The factory whistles shrieked: "It's six o'clock!"

The weary workmen homeward take their way;
Their toil is ended for another week,
And well-filled purses hold their well-earned pay.

A thousand fires are burning warm and bright!
A thousand loving wives their husbands greet;
A thousand kettles steaming on the stoves!
A thousand little ones with pattering feet!

All these give welcome to the toil-worn men
Who feel a pride in having done their best.
God bless the workmen and their faithful wives;
God bless the homes that give the weary rest.

The clean spread table, with its pure white "plate,"
Is seldom burdened, and as seldom scant;
A crumb, with love, exceeds a feast, with hate;
They hunger most whose hearts are pinched with want.

The savory odors of the cooking meal
Pervade the house, and stimulate desire,
And soon each sense that has the power to feel,
Enjoys the food brought steaming from the fire.

The night falls dark and cold, the snow is deep,
But beds are warm, and weary limbs find rest;
Each house is still, the children sound asleep,
The last kiss given, and the babe caressed.

As if from altar, all alight with flame,
An incense rises from each good deed done,
And Heaven approves each loving heart by name,
And on each home it showers blessings down.

MY KINGDOM

In the far off, misty future,
 Stands a castle, large and fair;
All its towers are tipped with silver,
 And my hopes, like guests are there.

From it gleams the glowing glory
 Of all purity and truth,
In its halls is heard the story
 Told by sages in their youth.

It no "castle in the air" is,
 'Tis more tangible than dreams,
To the soul it is more real
 Than all earthly splendor seems.

Zealous servants guard the portals
 That no evils go therein,
Fear, regret, nor other mortals,
 Shame, remorse, nor any sin.

In this castle I'll be monarch:
 None shall tremble, none shall frown;
Be ye patient, O my subjects,
 'Ere long I shall take the crown.

He who reigns in such a kingdom
 In his heart no hate may bring;
Not until myself I govern
 Am I fit to be your king.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DOUBT

When man begins to doubt,
 He first begins to know;
When zeal begins to flag,
 Man's faith begins to grow.

While Error holds in ruth,
 Truth makes man wise and free,
For Liberty is Truth,
 And Truth is Liberty.

Man struggles from his doom
 Of custom to be free;
The last conceded boon
 Is liberty to be.

If man but lag behind,
 Or if he be depraved,
How many seek to find,
 Intent that he be "saved."

But if he go beyond,
 With honest doubt perverse,
A thousand laggard souls
 Conspire to jeer and curse.

Conformity is "faith."
 Compliance puts to rout
The energy of growth,
 And smothers honest doubt.

SEEKING AND FINDING

I sought a living name;
The breath the world calls fame
Is but the fragrance of the full-blown flower;
It permeates the air,
Like incense, or a prayer,
And emblem is of weakness, as of power.

I trod the worn highways
Of censure and of praise;
I faced the footlights of the world's broad stage;
I felt my genius flit
In rhapsodies of wit,
And exit made in unapplauded rage.

In bursts of human grief
My spirit sought relief—
I had no succor from the world's applause;
My heart with pain was wrung,
My song was still unsung,
But high resolve was made at every pause.

I magnified my faith,
And chose the martyr's path;
I purged my heart of every human love;
I crucified my sex
That passion might not vex,
Nor tempt my feet in pleasure's ways to rove.

I shunned the social mart,
And dwelt alone, apart;
My name was strange to every human tongue;

Companionship was dead—
My thought was still unsaid;
The banners of my fame were still unflung.

* * * * *

The plaudits came, but late—
They did not compensate—
My name was loud on every human tongue;
I'd mastered in the strife
And struggle of my life;
The banners of my fame were wide outflung.

I scorned the doubting race,
And wore upon my face
Contempt for all who humbled at my feet;
I reveled in my pride;
Myself I deified;
The triumph of ambition was complete.

I gloried in To Be—
It did not comfort me—
The With was wanting from my soul's desire;
I swooned upon the sod;
I cried out after God,
And felt self-love within my heart expire.

* * * * *

On altar stairs I kneel;
To serve is my ideal;
My love embraces all who suffer wrong;
My name is what I am;
My faith is faith in man,
And life is now a soul-inspiring song.

THE GIVER AND THE GIFT

The giver and the gift are one ;
I cannot think of them apart ;
The gift may be a good deed done ;
The giver cheers and warms the heart.

There be who tell us "Thoughts are things."
That may be so, but this I say :
A thing is ne'er so much our own
As when we've given it away.

If love be prompter, and entwine
Itself about the thing that's given,
'Tis then no longer thine or mine ;
'Tis common treasure banked in heaven.

A gift bestowed from ample store
Is made at little seeming cost :
A sacrifice is greatly more,
But he who gives himself, gives most.

O wondrous love ! O yearning heart
Of God and of His gift—His Son !
I cannot think of them apart,
The Giver and the Gift are One.

NOTHING TO READ

After William Allen Butler's "Nothing to Wear."

"Miss Flora McFlimsey" has "nothing to wear,"
And, more is the pity, her mind is as bare
As her beautiful body of suitable dress.
It really is matter of gravest distress
That, with thousands of books
On tables, in nooks,
And that row upon row make display of themselves
In tier upon tier of library shelves,
And with newspapers many as leaves upon trees,
And magazines lively as hornets and bees,
Upon which she may feed,
She has nothing to read.

The Bible, and Shakespeare, and Milton, and Scott,
Have never been favored, or else been forgot,
And Goethe, and Dryden, and Chaucer, and Burns,
And Addison, Spencer, Macaulay, with Sterne,
All of them and each
Within easy reach,
Are silently waiting, like dresses on hooks,
(Naught so uncomplaining and patient as books),
Each able to furnish attire most refined
With which to adorn her dissatisfied mind,
But still her great need
Is of something to read.

Of philosophy, history, science, romance,
She has thought, in the languor which follows the
dance,
But for raiment so rich and so rare for her mind,

She never or seldom seems wholly inclined;
Such heavy material,
For one so ethereal
Would be quite unbecoming, and too out of style,
And make her seem dowdy—leastwise, like a prude;
(Better far be a weak intellectual dude
Than a strong minded woman); yet once in a while
She will earnestly plead
For something to read.

A novel by Hugo she seldom reads through,
But she revels in Dumas, and dotes upon Sue;
The Count Monte Cristo, the Wandering Jew,
And the stories of Zola, and Greville she knows
From beginning to close,
And she finds sweet repose
For fastidious mind in such flashy attire;
But still she's possessed with a sometime desire
To be clad in such elegant, wonderful dress
Of pure intellectual marvelousness,
If she could but succeed
And find something to read.

There are Ruskin, and Spencer, and Darwin, and Mill,
And Carlyle, and Emerson, standing so still,
And patiently waiting the silence to break,
And, never reproving, with wisdom to speak,
And weave a fit dress
For her mind's nakedness;
And Longfellow, Tennyson, Bryant, and Poe,
The Brownings, the Careys, and Jean Ingelow,
With jewels of rarest of rays to adorn
The mind of the wearer, when worthily worn;
O, it makes her heart bleed
To have nothing to read.

Miss Flora McFlimsey, with classical face,
 And a form that is shaped with bewildering grace,
 From her exquisite head to her beautiful feet,
 With all wants supplied, and a wardrobe replete
 With all garments rare,
 Has nothing to wear.
 And Miss Flora McFlimsey, to genius inclined,
 With a really aspiring, inquisitive mind,
 Her hands within reach of a thousand best books,
 Which invite her attention from favoring nooks,
 Has nothing to read!
 Has nothing to read!

HEART FANCIES

My Bird

O, what shall I say to my bird!
With notes so bewitching and clear,
To the depths of pure feeling I'm stirred,
And I halt betwixt rapture and fear.

I will drink in the song that she sings,
Her voice my companion shall be;
Perhaps she will tell me: "Beware!
My song is not uttered for thee."

But she can not deny to my heart
Such longings as make it repine;
O, the song of my beautiful bird
Forever and ever is mine.

My Rose

O, what shall I say to my rose!
My modest, sweet rose, that I prize,
She is mute to the language of speech;
I will speak to my rose with my eyes.

They shall say she is fragrant and fair,
By June's purest breezes caressed.
Perhaps she will tell me: "Beware
Of the thorn that's concealed in my breast."

But she can not deny me the grace
Of her goodness and beauty to bless
These eyes that have gazed on her face.
But may not their pleasure confess.

My Star

O, what shall I say to my star!
So near me, and yet so afar,
That I only may gaze
In bewildered amaze
At my beautiful star.

If she will but remain in the blue
Of my heaven, and ever be true
To the pledge of my hope and my soul,
Though a life-time betwixt us should roll,
I will wait for my star.

Other eyes may admire her the while,
And thrilled by her beauty, may smile;
But I still shall believe, though I sigh,
That there shines in the blue of my sky
This beautiful star.

A star whose light ever is pure,
A love which shall ever endure,
A hope which no promise hath riven,
A faith that shall win me to heaven
And give me my star.

THE DRESSMAKER

I can see her sitting there
 As she sews,
With her work upon her knee,
Attitude and action free,
She is very fair to see,
 And she knows.

She is modest, frank, and true,
 And a spell,
As of sanctity and beauty,
Seem to halo all her duty,
But the "burden" of her duty
 She'll not tell.

She is braver than you think,
 Though a pain,
With a bitter twinge and smart,
Now were gnawing at her heart,
She would still perform her part,
 Nor complain.

She is nobler than you know,
 Note her face;
As her fingers deftly fly,
Mark the quiet of her eye,
You shall not of smart or sigh
 See a trace.

Or perhaps, by occult vision,
 You'll discover,
While she stitch to stitch is linking,
She of pleasure's cup is drinking,
And her happy heart is thinking
 Of her lover.

She puts love and faith and duty
 In each seam;
Pain and pleasure, hope and sorrow,
From experience she can borrow;
Yesterday—today—tomorrow—
 Is her dream.

More than taste and toil are woven
 In the dress;
It will cling to who shall wear it—
(Does not every fold declare it?)
Like a (what a bliss to share it)
 Sweet caress.

INSPIRATION

As streams that rise on hillsides far away,
And chase through fields like children out at play,
That laugh and shout while leaping the cascade,
Then wiser grow, and deeper, in the shade,
But flowing still, at last flow side by side,
Then mingle currents in one grander tide,
So be our lives: Dear heart, made strong by thee,
I go forth bravely to my destiny.

DAWN

There is no past. What seems so is a dream;
Too indistinct or peace or fear to give.
Our souls have felt the dawn's awakening gleam:
Now, and hereafter, be it ours to live.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Read at the dedication of an old gas house which was converted into a High School, in Saratoga Springs, N. Y., in 1873.

When folks assemble with intent to reason,
A little fun is seldom out of season;
But when they meet to dedicate a place
That's set apart to teach the human race,
It fitting seems that each should lend a voice,
For all who're here most surely must rejoice
To know that children, who might else be fools,
Are educated in our Public Schools.

Such schools as these our fathers never knew.
It is a wonder how their wisdom grew
To such a grasp of liberty and life,
And made them conquer in the noble strife
That "tried men's souls," and, fearless of a Crown,
Nerved earnest hearts to strike oppression down,
And grasp the thought, and consummate the plan
That forced concession of the rights of man.

And yet it grew; and we who meet tonight,
But taste the fruit e're it be fully ripe.
For in the future there shall men arise,
So vast in genius, and in love so wise,
That stood they here, the latchet of their shoes
The people of this day might not unloose.

The Public Schools can best preserve the State,
And make men fearless of the power of Fate,
And make them wise. E'en now 'tis understood,
Who would be great must first be nobly good.

Pray do not think because this ugly mass
Of brick and wood a temple was to gas,
That learning here is charged for by the feet, or
Education measured through a meter;
Or that the process calls for a retort,
Or coal, or naphtha—nothing of the sort.

The light which henceforth from this place is sent
Will not be turned off when the night is spent;
Nor bills be sent, on which you are instructed,
If promptly paid, a tenth will be deducted.
For minds illumined, evermore shall glow
With warmth and light, and from such source shall
flow

A stream of blessings, which, if mixed with grace,
Shall light dark places for the human race,
That all the weary, waiting world may scan
The highway of the lingering coming man.
And yet, I think, that somehow, Heaven will
E'er long present a reasonable bill.
Exactly when, is not for me to say;
Perhaps 'twill be upon the Judgment Day;
For talents are but treasure of some sort,
And of their usage all must give report.

That "Education forms the common mind,"
Is truth that often in the books we find,
And quite as often this "old saw" is sent—
"The tree's inclined just as the twig is bent."
But in these days it is most clear forsooth
That we've outgrown this ancient, homely truth.
For in this world it is quite plain to see
That earnest minds make their own destiny,
And grow up vigorous, and straight, and tall;
For if man will but think and act at all,
He'll for himself more wisely think and act

Than any may advise him. It's a fact
That though the Man may still be slave to fate,
The Mass progresses to a better state.

Now boys and girls, I've just a word for you :
Above all others, to *yourselves* be true,
And if the honors of success you'd earn,
This is the lesson you must early learn :

*Only those who serve can deserve,
And they who attain shall reign.*

THE SCHOOL AND THE MAN

Dedication poem read at opening of the New High School, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., June 8, 1884.

This complete building where we meet tonight,
A better poem is than I can write.
Simple yet graceful; airy, but secure;
In plan and execution broad and pure.
'Tis as inspiring as a poet's song,
And who can doubt that from these halls, erelong,
Brave men, and women too, shall be sent forth,
Whose useful lives shall amplify the worth
Of mental discipline and studious ways,
And honor God and man throughout their days.

The best expression of the noblest art,
Is but a drop from Nature's pulsing heart;
Triumph of energy, with genius rife,
Perfected product of the Tree of Life.

All good is reproductive; how? or why?
'Tis fruit of God. Nothing divine can die.

The power that wisest in a nation rules
Are they who manage best the public schools.
Development, direction—these be ways
With good returning after many days.
Not hindrance, punishment, nor rude restraint,
Can purge the mind of ignorance or taint.
Impregnate germs of moral force await
The birth to life, and there is no rebate
From Nature's method. Ultimates attend
The certain progress, howe'er slow the trend,
Of man and races toward that shoreless sea,
Where each and all shall glory in *To Be*.

Happy those lands whose ruling powers decree
That education must be full and free.
With Learning, Liberty and Thrift abide.
These three be sailors, that may stem the tide
Of Superstition, Error, low estate;
These three, as saviours, are commensurate
To heal the tendencies to human woe.
Forth from their bounty many blessings flow.

The Common Schools are part of Heaven's plan
To aid and elevate the Common Man:
The Common Man, who drinks, and swears, and chews;
Who makes, but cares but little for, the news;
Who factor is in every civic strife—
A sort of temperate zone of human life.
These worthy sons of unremitting toil,
Who build our palaces, and till the soil;
Whose homes are humble and whose dress is plain;
Their hands adorned with labor's jeweled stain;
Who make, repair, and delve in mine and ditch;
Who have no hope nor thought of being rich;
Who all their faculties and powers give,
In generous measure, for the right to live.

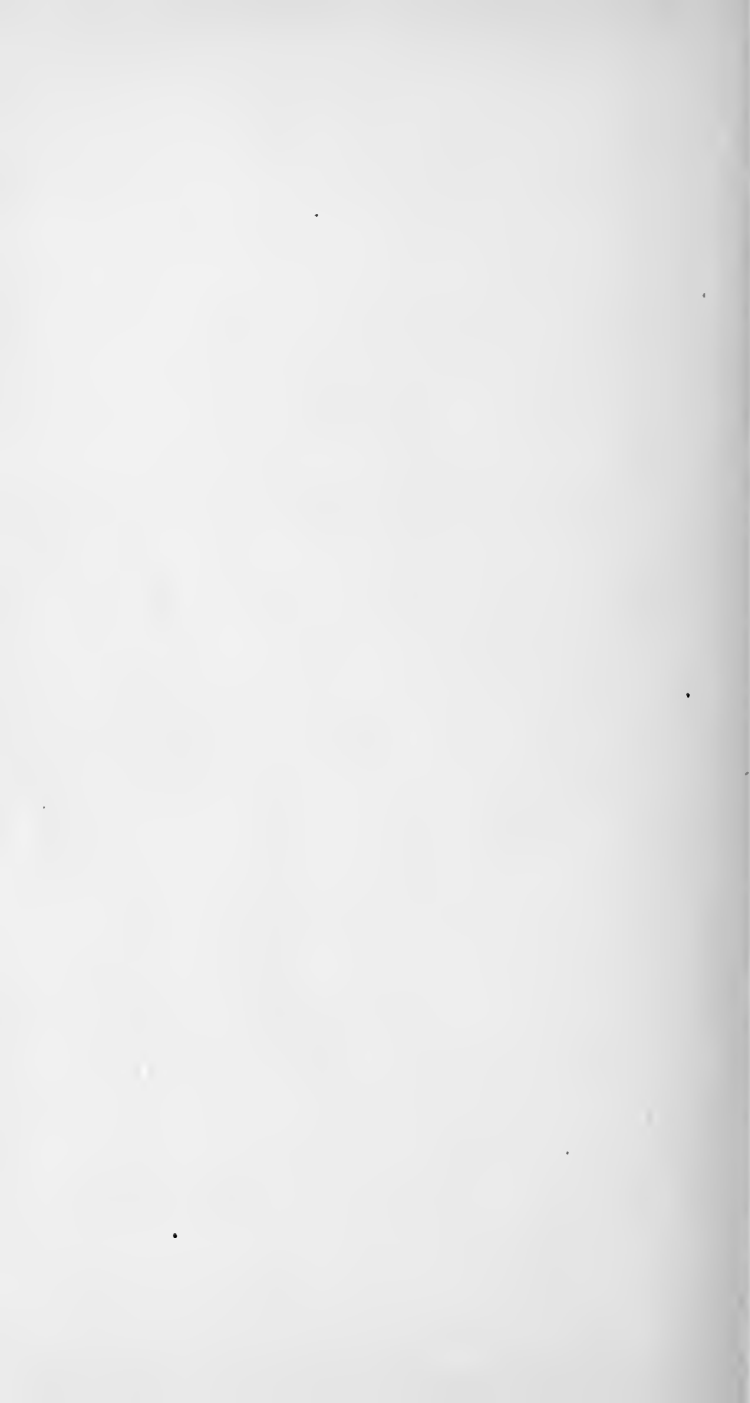
The Common School evolves the Common Man;
And, more than any else who delve or plan
In devious ways to utilize the forces
Of earth and sky, and trace them to their sources,
These Common Men deserve the highest place
In all the progress of the human race.
They honor Nature's laws. They, with faith unfurled,
Help God Almighty beautify the world!
With patient toil, and never ceasing zeal,
They build, protect, and serve the commonweal.
They throttle tyranny, permit the crown;

Restrain ambition. Reckless of renown,
They live brave lives, from fame and fortune free,
And, though of time, build for eternity.
In State and Church they are of strength the source;
The few who rise, to them must have recourse;
In peace and war, in congress and in court,
In trade and commerce, and the busy mart,
Or in professions still pursued for gain—
In every prominence that some attain—
Or all-enduring, or but for the hour,
The common people are the source of power.

God bless the Common Man, and keep him brave!
Toil, he who can, the Common Man to save;
Not from some horror of impending woe—
Save him, as all are saved, not *from*, but *to*.
The Common Schools are his, and from this source
Shall he gain knowledge, virtue, wisdom, force
To cope with Fortune, though indeed she frown:
To beat Despair and Discontentment down.
He'll learn to love and serve, each one the other,
Because each man to every man is brother;
And that our God, who notes the sparrow's fall,
Is common Father to each one, and all.

ADVERTISING POEMS

From many jingles, written as paid advertisements, we select a few, as specimens of what wit may do in this field. Names have been omitted, and occasionally other slight changes have been made.



OYSTER VERSES

It never is wicked to eat
Oysters, or clams, or fish;
And these are always a treat.
As they make a most relishing dish.

These innocent items of food
'Twould seem as though Heaven had sent
On purpose that every good
Christian might eat them in Lent.

The church, in making its rules
For keeping its forty days' fast,
In order that people shan't starve,
Falls back on the Fish Man at last.

And the oysters and fish he now sells,
Likewise clams, are all consecrate food
That tallies with beads and with bells,
In helping poor sinners be good.

Such penance is good for the soul,
And good for digestion and health;
And good for the Fish Man as well,
Since it adds to the store of his wealth.

THANKSGIVING came. Around the bounteous
board

Gathered the household. First they thanked the Lord
For all His mercies, and the feast there spread,
From regal turkey down to daily bread.
And then the plates were piled with wholesome food—

Oysters, and chickens, tenderest of the brood,
With lots of dainties on the bill of fare.
Each guest was surfeit of the gracious meal,
And beamed with pleasure, as a man might feel
Whose well-filled stomach, readily distent,
Had made it plain where all the dinner went.
But e'er the banquet was entirely through
Each dish received the compliments its due;
And as each guest his thankful voice did raise,
The Fish Man's OYSTERS had the loudest praise.

I met him on the street,
And his step was long and fleet,
And his eye before a king might never quail,
And he carried in his hand,
As you well may understand,
A nice, new, bright, well-filled, two-quart tin pail.

Soon again that manly tread,
And that proudly carried head,
Struck my ear and filled my eyes with pleased surprise;
And I said: "Where have you been?"
And he answered: "With this tin
Pail full of oysters up to mother's with some fries."

With these pleasant words of cheer
Ringing still upon my ear,
I thought of all the dishes which a man when hungry,
eats,
And my palate gave consent
As I straightway homeward went
And told my boy to get a pail of "SOLID MEATS."

O, those Oysters! they were nice,
And they made a luscious feast,

Such as all may get enjoyment of if other folks will
do—

Since the means of such a bliss

Is so simple—only this:

Eat raw Oysters, or a fry, or broil, or better yet, a
stew.

After six days of pancakes,

And sausage, pork steak, and ham,

Of tough beef steak, and of mutton

As old and as strong as a ram,

What a treat it is Sunday morning

To hear your wife proudly say,

With a blush in her pleasant warning—

“My dear, this is Oyster day.”

Now list to this word of caution:

If you wouldn't be found in the plight

Of having no OYSTERS for Sunday;

Don't forget them on Saturday night.

THANKSGIVING AND OYSTERS

Nation and State have both proclaimed, you see,
That prospered folks should very thankful be,
And with accord have set apart a day
On which to praise the Lord, and humbly pray.
Both powers require, and fit it is they should,
(For plenty helps all people to be good),
That round the board each family shall meet,
While kindred, souls in love each other greet,
And taste the feast by Providence prepared,
Out of that mercy which we all have shared.

Earth hath no dainties in her bosom stored
To be compared with what the Seas afford:
The luscious OYSTER, plump in pearly shells,
Within her depths in fairy bowers dwells,
And in its flavors concentrates the good
By Epicureans only understood.

In ocean grottoes, where old Neptune reigns,
And graceful Sirens lure with winning strains,
And naked Nereids please the rough god's eye,
Like tears of joy, the luscious OYSTERS lie.

The Fish Man knows the very choicest spot
Where just such Oysters can be had, or got,
And flattering Sirens 'til with joy they weep,
Has opened commerce with the briny deep;
And now, each day, has piles of tempting shells
In whose embrace the luscious OYSTER dwells:
"Virginia Plants," "Blue Points," select with care.
And other best in great abundance are,
For daily, firkins from below he brings,
To serve his friends in Saratoga springs.
So go to him, be you or saint or sinner,
And get some OYSTERS for Thanksgiving dinner.

TROCHE VERSES

What, when the cold wind blows,
And it rains and hails and snows,
Will cure a weeping nose?

Troches.

What, when our ills are told,
And one feels like a scold,
Will stop that coming cold?

Troches.

What, when the blood is chill,
And you are feeling ill,
Can give you comfort still?

Troches.

If your throat begins to tickle,
And you find you're in a pickle
When you want to sing a solo that will make you wide
renown,
As your time to sing approaches,
Make judicious use of troches,
And you'll do yourself much credit, and bring honor
to your town.

If a man or maid would teach,
Or a minister would preach
In a way to make the scholars or the congregation wise,
Just before the work's begun
Put a troche on your tongue,
And the scholars and the hearers will be thrilled with
glad surprise.

It was the morning of my wedding day,
And I was practising how best to say
“I will,” in prompt response to what I knew’d be
said;

But such a cold I had in my poor head!
My throat was husky and my eyes did fill,
And I could only answer in thin voice, “I will.”

What should I do? It was my cherished pride
To speak in stalwart tones to my fair bride.
I thought of TROCHES. Ere the day was through
My voice was perfect, though I took but few.
The church was full, and every one was still:
I almost shouted when I said, “I will!”

To cure that cold your duty ’tis,
And stop that hacking cough;
If you do not, consumption will
In due time take you off.

And then how foolish you will feel
When one says to your wife,
“If he’d a box of Troches used
They would have saved his life.”

But all too late then, such advice,
When you can’t raise your head
Because you’re in your shroud laid out
And are stick stock stone dead.

But be advised, some Troches take
While you are yet quite well.
The cold that you are having now
May take you soon to hell.

(That’s what the preachers say. But how it sounds
out of the pulpit!)

What can be more vexatious,
More unhealthy, as a rule,
To a delicate young lady,
Than to teach a public school?

From day to day the labor
Of keeping children still,
Is of its very self enough
To make a teacher ill.

And there be those now teaching
In Saratoga Springs,
To whom each day's experience
New cause of anguish brings.

There's one at least shows wisdom;
Her throat and voice keeps pure
By making use of Troches
As an ever-ready cure.

Says she, "I use them daily,
And they save me from distress.
Would you believe?—I keep them
In the pocket of each dress."

A hundred children studious in school,
Each well disposed to violate no rule:
The day was warm, the windows, we are told,
Were open wide. Each pupil took a cold.

Next day the public would in force appear
To see the school, and exercises hear.
How could the teacher of her charge be proud,
When half the scholars scarce could speak aloud?

This teacher was the same who did confess
That in the pockets of her every dress
She carried Troches 'gainst the time of need,
And now to the drug store she sent with speed.

Soon in her hand a hundred Troches fell.
She passed them round. Broke then the chilling spell.
No signs of hoarseness did next day appear,
And all her pupils spoke with voices clear.

A summer cold is twice as bad
As one that is in winter had.
It takes a deeper hold and stronger,
And hangs about the system longer.

And too, it should be understood
That Troches, then, are twice as good.
They take a deeper, firmer hold,
When taken for a summer cold.

POEMS OF LATER LIFE



THE SONG OF THE POWER OF THE PRESS

Delivered at the annual meeting of the New York Press Association, June, 1895.

Who is sufficient to sing
The Song of the Power of the Press?

Like a zephyr that's born in the West,
And swelled to a gale on the sea,
Till it sweeps with a force unrepressed,
And chases miasmas away;

Like a sun that comes up from the East,
To bless the whole world with its light,
Ever driving earth's darkness away
With turbulent hurry of fright;

So the Press, like a wind from the sea,
Brings healing and health on its wings;
So the Press, like a sun in the East,
Its rays of enlightenment flings.

It has struck from the limbs of the slave
The shackles oppression had forged;
And it blasts with destruction and death
All tyrants who rule with the scourge.

But it lifts up the lowly and poor;
It lightens the burden of sin;
Like a herald it halts at each door,
And knocks, and is bid to come in.

So it enters the haunts of despair
 With dead'ning misfortunes to cope,
 And it offers the victims of wrong
 A share in the pleasures of hope.

Though it humbles the haughty and proud;
 It lifts up the humble and poor;
 It relaxes the hand of the strong,
 But teaches the weak to endure.

It exhorts, and the people are roused
 To flee from the dangers that lower;
 It commands, and corruption and fraud
 Grow pale in their places of power.

Lo! It speaks! and the turbulent sea
 Of "Political Faction" is still;
 It affirms to the nations at large
 That all men may *rise, if they will.*

Oh, who is sufficient to sing
 The Song of the Power of the Press?

My brothers, in this world of ill and wrong
 We hold a lever, well sustained and strong,
 Not to remove a sphere from out its place—
 But greater still, to lift the human race.
 Each age is what we make it. Customs, laws,
 Opinions, platforms, if we give applause,
 Have due observance from the great and small;
 They can not stand if we shall bid them fall.

Creeds and traditions, bigotry and strife
 That dwarf the soul, and narrow human life
 No more have power to hold the world in awe.

Since Christ's bless'd Gospel is our "higher law,"
No more can bigots make church creeds to stand
In place of power at the Lord's right hand.
Nor superstition weave its subtle spell
To dwarf the man by fright'ning him with Hell.

If we may aid, my brothers of the Press,
To lift the lowly, and the world to bless,
We'll seek for neither wealth, nor power, nor fame;
These are but shadows that pursue the name
Of him who serves with ever patient zeal
To consummate the world's great common weal.

This be our aim, as makers of the Press:
To aid the right, and every wrong redress.
Our glory this: a Nation wise and free.
Our motto: Faith in God in Man, and Liberty.

LENTEN CONSOLATIONS

Oh, weary soul, trust God.
When other trust in vain
There's comfort in His rod,
There's profit in its pain.

Oh, weary heart, trust God.
His faithfulness wouldst prove?
The paths in which Christ trod
Were sacrifice and love.

Oh, weary hands, trust God,
E'en though ye find no rest.
Whoso His hands but touched
Were healed and cheered and blessed.

Oh, weary feet, trust God.
Though rough and steep it be
Along life's toilsome road,
His footsteps you may see.

Oh, weary eyes, trust God.
The beauty now concealed—
Save but for faith and hope—
Erelong will be revealed.

Yes, weary soul, trust God.
When earth's dull sense is riven,
Will thrill upon the ear
The harmonies of heaven.



SARAH E. DENTON PEASE

TO HER PORTRAIT

Portrait, hanging on the wall,
Looking calmly from thy frame,
Mattered not what might befall,
Thou wast constantly the same.

Uncomplaining, free from strife,
Patient, faithful, worthy wife;
Splendid woman, wisely planned
To love, encourage, and withstand.

Never from thy lips a word
Of censure or complaint was heard;
Now their silence seems to chide
All my folly, all my pride.

As I gaze on thee the while
In memory I see the smile,
And words I hear, that soothe the smart,
And stay the sentence of my heart.

Memory, like a speeding whip,
Brings thy maiden features nigh;
When the red was in thy lip,
And the love-light in thine eye.

That other, greater artist, Time,
Limned thy features into grace;
Easy then for sun to place
Light of soul upon thy face.

Sweet of temper and serene,
As in life I oft have seen,
From discontent and worry free,
Teaching me tranquility.

Fame nor folly, loss nor treasure,
Joy nor sorrow, pain nor pleasure,
Years, nor grave, nor death can smother
Loving thoughts of thee, dear "Mother."

AT FOURSCORE YEARS

Sept. 27, 1828—Sept. 27, 1908

To me the years have gentler grown,
And time more gracious now appears,
As here I sit and muse alone
At fourscore years.

The best of living is the last,
And life grows sweetest at its close;
For something richer than the past
These days disclose.

No mourning now the silvered hair,
The body's slowly waning power,
As here I wait, and calmly dare
Earth's final hour.

Those dreams of honor or of gain,
Of wreaths and crowns to grace the brow,
That stirred to action—none remain
To stir me now.

The tossing life, the hope and fear,
The strife, the pain of earlier days—
On these, all past, I look with clear,
Unshrinking gaze.

The toil is past—count not the cost—
Forgotten are the tears once shed:
Bright are the memories of the lost—
The precious dead.

Alone, yet not alone, I stand;
 Around, within, a power divine
Is present, and a heavenly hand
 Is touching mine.

Strange glories gild the closing day,
 And one bright star, from out the west,
Allures, with tender light, away
 From work to rest.

Soft voices, which amid the din
 Of outward life, I could not hear,
Are gently whispering within
 Their words of cheer.

So, welcome is each flying year,
 And welcome is this silent bliss;
Nor aught the noisy world can hear
 Compares with this.

Old fourscore friends, now on the slope
 Of life, cast far away all fears,
And grasp with me the larger hope
 Of eighty years.

**A BRIEF SKETCH
OF THE
LIFE OF ALBERT S. PEASE**

**WRITTEN FOR THE MOST PART
BY HIMSELF**



ALBERT S. PEASE

September 27, 1828—May 25, 1914

ALBERT S. PEASE, the subject of this sketch, and the author of the accompanying poems, was born at Poughkeepsie, Dutchess Co., N. Y., September 27, 1828. His father, Dudley S. Pease, of Poughkeepsie, born at Norfolk, Ct., was the son of Nathaniel, the son of Nathaniel, the son of Samuel, the son of Robert, the son of John, the son of Robert Pease of Great Baddow, County of Essex, England, who came to America in 1634, landing at Boston in April of that year.

His mother was Sarah Killey, probably of Quaker Hill, N. Y. She was the daughter of Samuel W. Killey, whose remains rest in an old family burial ground near what are known as Baker's corners, about a mile west of the old Friends' Meeting House, on Quaker Hill. Her father Samuel W. was a son of Wing Killey, who is enrolled in the records of the Oblong and Nine Partners Meetings among the "Heads of Families" on Quaker Hill in 1759. Wing was the son of Seth, the son of Jeremiah, the son of David O'Killia, who lived on Cape Cod, being enrolled at Yarmouth, Mass., in 1657, and dying at Sandwich in 1697. Wing's mother was Mehitabel Wing, and his wife was Deborah Ferris.

Of himself Albert S. Pease wrote: "My schooling was very limited. The first school that I attended was kept by a Mrs. Roby; that was when I was a boy six years old. Afterward I went to the 'Lancaster School,' where each scholar was required to pay a penny a day. This school, located on Church street, was taught by a Mr. Backus, who was succeeded by Thomas M. Brewer. Later I attended other private

schools and was taught by the following teachers: Mr. Anthony, Mr. McGeorge, Mr. Dusenbury, and Mr. James Hyatt, who was my cousin. For a time I attended a public school—the first in Poughkeepsie—taught by a Mr. Underhill.

“When not at school, and during vacations, I worked—worked at anything I could find to do. I stripped tobacco for a Mr. Coldstream; primed signs for William Shields; worked in a wall paper factory on Water street; ‘pricked tile’ in Matthew Vassar’s brewery; closed uppers and fitted boots on the shoe bench with my father. In the office of the *Telegraph* and the *Family Magazine*, published by Egbert B. Killey and Benson J. Lossing, I folded papers and carried routes for the *Telegram*, and sold and distributed to subscribers monthly copies of the *Family Magazine* and of *The Casket*, a little monthly which was also printed at the *Telegraph* office. For a time I ‘tended store’ for my father, who made a brief venture in the grocery business. When not otherwise employed, I was ‘doing errands’ generally, picking and selling ‘greens,’ raspberries, and blackberries, and gathering and selling ‘mint’ at 6d a bunch to the Mansion House, a hotel and summer resort on ‘Mansion Square,’ kept by George Washington Davids. I also peddled from a basket on my arm, candies, cakes, nuts, apples, and other edibles on circus days, and during conventions, ‘three days training’ and ‘general muster.’ My last employment as a young boy was in the shoe store of my brother, Edwin, where I served for nearly two years.

“I did not attend school after I was fourteen years old; but I was ever studying by myself, and reading books. For this habit I feel that I was largely indebted to my mother and to my sister, Margaret.

“My mother’s desire and my own as a boy, was that I might learn the trade of a printer. I found my position through an accident. Gabriel North and Charles Armstrong, with two young women, while sailing on the Hudson river one evening in a small boat, were run down by a steam-boat, and the whole party was drowned. Through this accidental death of North a vacancy was caused in the working forces of the *Poughkeepsie Telegraph*, which was owned and edited by Egbert B. Killey, with Samuel M. Shaw as foreman and assistant editor. I was selected to fill this vacancy and on the 27th of September, 1844, my sixteenth birthday, I became a ‘bound’ apprentice to the printing business. I was ‘indentured’ for a five years apprenticeship. My pay for the whole term was to be \$30 a year and board with my employer. If I chose to board at home with my parents I was to be allowed \$2 a week extra. Needless to say I boarded at home. In the agreement there was a proviso that if for any cause I left, or was discharged from my unfulfilled apprenticeship, I thereby forfeited the pay for my first year, \$30; but if I completed my apprenticeship ‘worthily and acceptably,’ my pay for the last year should be \$60, to make good for the fact that the pay for the first year was held back until that time as a bond or guarantee. I completed the apprenticeship.

“About 1848 Mr. Shaw left the *Telegraph* office to become associated with Edwin Croswell in the publication of the *Albany Argus*, and I was promoted to the position which he vacated—foreman and assistant editor. I continued to hold this position till the expiration of my apprenticeship, Sept. 27, 1849, but with no increase in my pay until that date, when I was advanced to a salary of \$1.25 a day. At that time the regular wage of a journeyman printer was a

dollar a day. After this, during much of the time, I also edited the paper and had sole and general charge of the business.

“After two years, in Feb., 1851, I gave Mr. Killey notice of my intention of leaving him and looking elsewhere for a more remunerative and promising position. Then was realized my ambition and long cherished purpose, for I had been taught by my mother to make myself if possible so useful and valuable to my employer that he should come to feel that he could not do without me. Mr. Killey offered me a partnership in the business, which I accepted. He sold me a one-fourth interest for \$2,000. As I had no money of my own, my most excellent and kindly brother, Edwin, loaned me \$1,000 on my note and Mr. Killey took a chattel mortgage on my share for the remainder. At this time, at my suggestion, Mr. Edward K. Olmstead, who had been my fellow apprentice in the office, was also admitted as a partner, with a one-fourth interest. For a year thereafter the business was conducted under the firm name of ‘E. B. Killey & Co., E. B. Killey, A. S. Pease & E. K. Olmstead, Proprietors.’ At the end of the first year of this partnership I paid off from my share in the profits of the business the mortgage which Mr. Killey held against me. Mr. Olmstead was then permitted to retire and the one-fourth interest which he held was transferred to me for \$2,000. Mr. Killey and I were now equal partners; but only two weeks after this partnership went into effect, Mr. Killey died. I continued to conduct the business in connection with his ‘estate’ for the next six years, and then I sold—foolishly sold—my interest to Geo. P. Pelton & Co.

RELIGIOUS DEVELOPMENT

“In March, 1844, I united with the Central Baptist Church, of which the Rev. Charles Van Loon was then the very much beloved pastor. For some time I was a pupil, after which I became a teacher in the Sabbath school. Subsequently for eight years I was superintendent of the school. I also became a trustee of the church and was made clerk of the board. During all of my church connection I was active in ‘religious work.’ I formed and taught a Sunday school in the county poor house and another in the county jail. I also organized and taught in an unsectarian Mission Sunday school which met in ‘The Millerite Building’ on Union street. This school grew until it had from 400 to 600 scholars and was the means of accomplishing much good in the section known as the ‘Five Points’ in Poughkeepsie. After about two years, at the earnest solicitation of Bishop Elijah Hedding, I turned this school over to the care and keeping of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the bishop promising to maintain it, with the object of making it the nucleus of a church to be named after him as a monument to his memory. All this was finally done, the result being ‘The Hedding Methodist Church’ on Clover street, still existing (1903).

“Later, on the advice of Rev. Rufus Babcock, D. D., I purposed to become a minister in the Baptist Denomination, and to that end I studied under his tuition for about six months. Meantime I preached a few times in Dr. Babcock’s church in Paterson, N. J., and in a few other churches. I also preached several times at Sing Sing prison, both to the men and to the women convicts, at the request of the chaplain, Rev. Mr. Luekey. But as I could not bring myself to accept and be bound by the Calvinistic

creed, which was then much more rigidly adhered to than it is now, I abandoned all thought of the ministry.

POST MASTER OF POUGHKEEPSIE

“Jacob Van Benthuyzen, post master of Poughkeepsie under President James K. Polk, died in 1846. My employer, E. B. Killey, was appointed to succeed him, and soon afterward I was called upon to divide my time and services between the printing office and the post office. It was part of my work to open the post office in the morning, sweep out, and keep things tidy. It was also a part of my work to help assort and make up the mails and to ‘wait on delivery.’ This was before the railroads had begun to meet the demands of the government as mail carriers. The mail came by coach from New York or Albany, the horses dashing up to the door on the gallop, and in frosty weather steaming and panting as the load was removed. To see the mail come in in those days was a pleasant sight.

“My work at the post office continued for two years, or until Mr. Killey’s term of office expired. He was succeeded by Isaac Platt, of the *Eagle* newspaper.

“In May, 1852, I attended the Democratic National Convention, held in Baltimore, Md., at which Franklin Pierce was nominated for president of the United States. He was elected, and in May, 1853, I was appointed by President Pierce, post master of the city of Poughkeepsie. I held the position until July 1, 1857, when I was succeeded by George P. Pelton.

HOME ESTABLISHED

“Some years before this, on June 25, 1851, I was married to Miss Sarah Elizabeth Denton, daughter of Benjamin Denton, of Poughkeepsie. She was sixteen

years of age at the time and I was in my twenty-third year. While serving as post master I built a home, a brick house, on a fine lot on Mill street. Here we set up housekeeping, and I took great delight in beautifying the place and making it suited to my family which by that time consisted of my wife and two children. Three other children were born to us here. The lot on which this house stood is now occupied by the parsonage of the Mill Street Baptist church and a part of the walls of the old house were incorporated into the walls of the parsonage. In 1864 I sold this place to Dr. Clark.

FINANCIAL VENTURES

“In 1857 I purchased an interest in the banking house of Tallman, Powers & McLean, in Davenport, Iowa. The money thus invested, and much more, was lost. I also paid several thousand dollars for 160 acres of land at Fulton City. This, too, was a total loss. This, doubtless, was largely due to my own indifference and neglect, as I did not trouble to have a search for title made, knew nothing of the real value of the land and never even took pains to see it. I was very ‘green’ in those days. Money came easily, but I did not know how to invest it wisely, nor what to do with it other than to spend lavishly and live extravagantly. I ‘reckoned’ that money and good fortune would continue to flow in upon me in increasingly copious streams. But I was soon to learn otherwise. Had I lived more economically and known how to make safe investment of my money I might have ‘laid up much goods for many days.’

“In the fall of 1857 I let our pretty home on Mill street for six months and went with my wife and three children, Eva, Irving, and Charles, to Davenport, Iowa, where my wife’s father, Benjamin Denton,

had bought and was running a hotel. I purposed to spend the winter there and perhaps to engage in business. But on the 12th of November, 1857, our beautiful little boy, Albert Irving, died suddenly of membranous croup. He was two years and ten months old. We returned to Poughkeepsie with his body, and it was buried in the cemetery there. Having returned, it seemed best to remain in Poughkeepsie and we boarded all winter with my ever excellent brother, Edwin, until we could again have possession of our home, May 1, 1858."

ADMITTED TO PRACTICE OF LAW

"In December of 1857 I became a student in the 'State and National Law School,' then located in Poughkeepsie, of which John W. Fowler was president and Matthew Hale one of the professors. At the end of a year I was graduated L. B. Subsequently, with a few other students, I went to Brooklyn, and at a general term of the Supreme Court, then being held there, after rigid examination, I was admitted to practice in all the courts of the State of New York. This was on Nov. 12, 1858. The examiners were Supreme Court Judge James Emmett, of Poughkeepsie, and County and City Judges Greenwood and Culver. Chauncey M. Depew was admitted at the same examination. I took this course simply as a matter of education, having no purpose of following the law as a profession.

"In December, 1858, having previously sold the *Poughkeepsie Telegraph*, I bought of Nichols and Bush, *The Poughkeepsie Daily Press* newspaper and printing plant and re-engaged in the printing business. I successfully conducted this business until the summer of 1861, when by reason of the complications and losses attendant upon my western specu-

lative ventures, I was forced into an assignment. But there was no loss to any creditor by reason of this protective means of relief."

It was during the years from 1856 to 1860 that some of the best of the accompanying poems were written, and these were among the most prolific years of the life of Albert S. Pease. While in the Law School he wrote "The Coming Man," and during this period also he produced his tribute to Prof. Morse.

HARD HIT BY THE CIVIL WAR

"An ardent Democrat always, on the outbreak of the Civil War, in September, 1861, I enlisted in the 29th regiment, N. Y. State Militia, Col. Geo. W. Pratt commanding, and 'went to be a soldier.' On October 18, 1861, I was commissioned a lieutenant of Company E, in the regiment which afterward was known as the 80th N. Y. Volunteers. My captain was Rev. Pelatia Ward and my associate lieutenant Edgar T. Dudley. Before departing for the front I left my business in charge of two young men who were in my employ, one of them my 'local' and book keeper, and the other my foreman in the mechanical department. Placing full confidence in these young men I made an agreement with them by which they were to continue the business in my name, to take good care of it, to have what they could make while I was in the army, and to deliver the business in good condition to me on my return, or to my heirs in case of my death. These trusted men disappointed and deceived me. I had not been long away when they began to plot for a new plant and paper, to the utter neglect of all my interests. Learning of their plans through my brother, I secured a ten days' furlough and went home. I found matters even worse than I had feared. My trusted employees had started a new

paper, *The Poughkeepsian*, and were substituting it for my *Daily and Weekly Press*, thus utterly robbing my plant of all value. At the end of my furlough I returned to my regiment, then in Virginia, and laid my case before Col. Pratt. After due consideration, he advised me to resign my commission, go home, and save what I could. This I reluctantly did, December 24, 1861, after having served a little more than two months. Arrived home, I regained possession of my printing office and resumed the management of the business, which I restored to popular favor and good footing."

BUSINESS IN TROY, AND HOME AT BUSKIRKS

"In August, 1863, at the earnest solicitation of prominent Democrats of Troy, N. Y., I moved my printing materials to that city and founded there the *Troy Daily and Weekly Press*." About a year later, while speaking during an election campaign, Albert S. Pease was entertained as a guest in the home of Mr. Franklin Waters, at Buskirks, N. Y., on what was known as the Lansing Place. It was just what he was looking for, and after a short parley, he purchased the spacious old house, many farm buildings, and twenty-five acres of land. On the 8th day of November, election day, 1864, he moved his family, which then consisted of his wife and four children, to the new place, which from that time on became the family home.

Presided over with grace, dignity, and great efficiency by the wife and mother, it was indeed a home, loved by the children and much sought by all who were fortunate enough to receive the proffer of its hospitality. Here he afforded his children every advantage of a free life in the open country and granted them many educational advantages only to be had at large personal expense.

It was his practice to extend liberal hospitality. The house at Buskirks ~~was~~ built on a large scale and the hospitality practised was proportionate. Traveling daily to and from his business in Troy, he seldom allowed a week end to go by without bringing home a guest or two for the Sabbath. Sometimes these were almost entire strangers, people whom he had met in the course of the day's business or social intercourse, or perhaps persons whom he had sought out in the crowd at the station, for he had a most delightful way of making agreeable approach to such strangers as took his fancy, and his confidence was seldom misplaced. Never a tramp along the highway applied there in vain for food or shelter, and more than once a whole family tramping from poverty at one point to poverty at some other, found there protecting shelter and nourishing food.

The home at Buskirks also became a rendezvous for the family relatives on both sides, and the life was one constant round of delightful experiences. Frequently the doors were opened to the people of the surrounding country side. Twice Mr. Pease invited from Troy the then famous Sullivan's Brass Band, for free open air concerts, and several times he extended cordial invitation to all to enjoy an abundant display of Fourth of July fire works.

He stocked the little farm with every thing that was going, and he ran it with slight regard to expense of upkeep, making it his play thing or fad. He was not trained to farming and had little knowledge of its practical side. A well-tilled garden, with an abundance of fresh vegetables, fruits and berries; a herd sufficient to afford plenty of milk, cream, and butter; a good team of horses for driving about with his family and his friends; a corps of helpers sufficient to carry out his desires; happy surroundings for

his wife and children, and for his friends and guests—these were his delight. It was a charming life while it lasted, and all who were so fortunate as to participate in it hark back to those first years of his ownership of the farm at Buskirks with keen pleasure.

After a few years the great house was burned to the ground. It was succeeded by a modest little cottage, sufficient to the needs of his family. Meanwhile, the wife and children found refuge in West Troy and in Troy, until the Buskirks home was again available. Twice more fire played havoc with the home, but finally in 1895, after patient labor and sharp economy, a home was completed which still stands.

In 1868 the burden of his business began to bear heavily upon him, and hoping to find more leisure to enjoy his home and family, he sold the subscription list, but none of the material, of the *Troy Daily Press*, to T. B. Carroll, L. W. McArthur, and George Demers, and continued the publication of the *Weekly Press*, and his job-printing business in Troy.

To resume his own somewhat abbreviated manuscript: "In 1869 I sold the *Troy Weekly Press*, but at the end of a year, because of the financial embarrassments of the purchaser, I was compelled to take over the business.

"About this time, at the urgent request of prominent men and Democrats of Saratoga county, N. Y., I moved my printing materials to Saratoga Springs, and on August 27, 1870, issued the first number of *The Saratoga Sun*." For a time the work on the paper was done at the Troy office. During that period the rear of the store leased for the Saratoga office was sub-let to the parties who were then exploiting the public by what was supposed to be a rare find, but which afterward proved to be a great fake—the Cardiff Giant. People would pay half a dollar for

the privilege of passing through the curtain that they might gaze on that soil-stained and naked mammoth image of a reclining man. One woman in particular became obsessed by it, brought numerous friends with her to wonder at it, and persisted in pronouncing it "the most perfect piece of putrefaction she had ever seen."

From now on, for several years the family home at Buskirks was occupied only during the summer, the winter seeing the family comfortably sheltered in a rented house in Saratoga Springs. Here the children attended the grammar and high schools in succession, and entered upon the social delights which usually mark the period of the later 'teens. Now music and literature became strong influences in the home, and religion and religious influences were always present there.

It was during the years in Saratoga that the subject of this sketch was selected to prepare and read a poem before the New York State Press Association. During this period also, he and his wife traveled with the Press Association on an extended tour through the Southern states, and he was one of the much-called-upon orators of the party, responding to addresses of welcome in several southern cities.

Reverting again to his own records, we read: "Near the close of 1882, again hastily, I sold my business in Saratoga to E. P. Howe, and from that time on lived for the most part at the family home at Buskirks, though for several years our winters were still passed in Saratoga Springs." During these years the family was breaking up, the children having grown, and one after another left the home surroundings to take up work in the larger circles of the world.

"The sale of my business in Saratoga marked the

end of my newspaper ownership, but not the last of my work as a journalist. For several years I was accredited correspondent of the *New York Sun* and *New York Herald*; the *Albany Evening Journal*; the *Troy Daily Times* and the *Troy Daily Press*; the *Union* and the *Saratogian*, in Saratoga; the *Democrat*, in Hoosick Falls; the *Era*, the *Gazette* and the *Leader*, at Baldwinsville, N. Y., and the *American Press Association*, of New York.

POLITICAL LIFE

“On principle I have always been affiliated with the Democratic party, and for many years was called upon from time to time to champion its policies and its candidates on the stump. I served from time to time on committees, often as chairman, and was a delegate to conventions through all the long line from county to congressional and state. I was twice nominated by my party to represent it in the state legislature, but was not elected.

“During my career as a journalist and politician, I naturally came into more or less intimate association with many prominent men and women of nearly every occupation. Many such were my long-time acquaintances and familiar friends.

“On January 21, 1896, at the home at Buskirks, my wife, the mother of our five children, died. Her body was placed in the family plot in the Poughkeepsie cemetery.

“On June 30, 1897, I was married to Miss Sophie E. June, of Baldwinsville, N. Y.” Soon thereafter Mr. Pease took up his residence in the home of his wife, where he lived quietly, surrounded by modest home comforts, and ministered to with loving regard, until the day of his death, May 25, 1914. It was during this period that he penned the greater part of



SOPHIE JUNE PEASE

this sketch, closing his narrative as follows: "What I have here written is, of course, a mere epitome of my life, dates of arrivals and departures. All the incidents of the voyage it were impossible to include in this condensed sketch. An open hand and a hospitable home have been my life habit, and now at Baldwinsville, N. Y., August 17, 1903, I can but feel that all the experiences which have filled my years have been 'for the best,' necessary to the largest growth and fullest development of my real self, my soul. Perhaps I may have had too much sentiment for advantageous practical results, but it has given much pleasure and satisfaction, and I feel now that it has been better so. Better to have and lose than never to have. Mine has indeed been a full, broad, deep experience of life; of participation in its virtues and in its vices; in its pleasures and in its pains; in its ups and in its downs; in its merits and in its demerits; in its sins and in its sufferings; in its wrongs and in its *regrets*. I have been simply, but very *human*. I have *lived*. I am *still living*, at the age of seventy-five years; with full mental vigor and with slight bodily impairment; still capable of great endurance and of much physical pleasure."

PRESS NOTICES

Troy Times

A VETERAN EDITOR

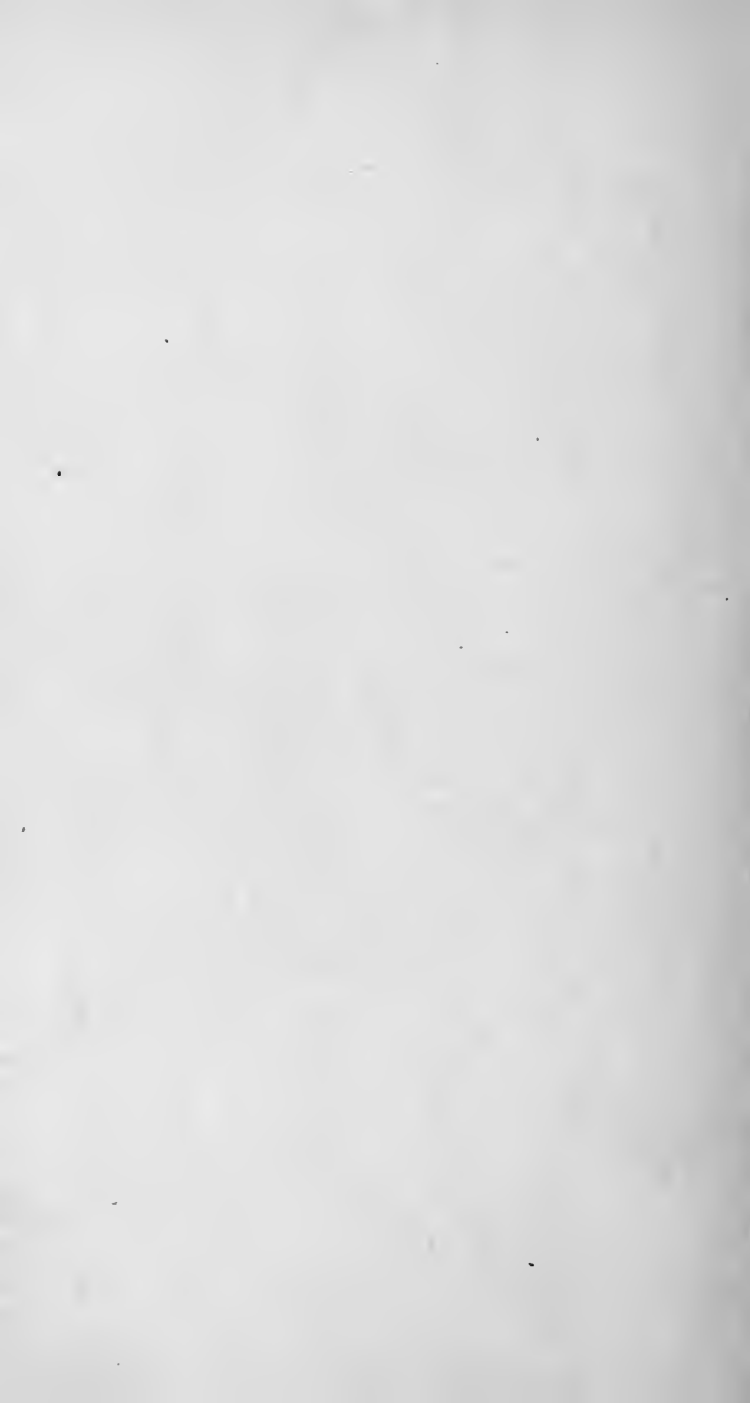
A. S. Pease, who died at Baldwinsville, N. Y., yesterday, was for a long time prominent in newspaper work in this vicinity. In the days when the line of demarcation between the Republican and Democratic parties was very sharply defined, and when there was no quarter given or taken on either side, Mr. Pease was a militant Democrat, and as a journalist provided his share of hot shot. While an earnest and unflinching antagonist in public life, in private acquaintance he was a most genial and companionable man, with a wide range of information and with individual and freely expressed views on social and religious as well as political matters. Mr. Pease during his retiring years lived for most of the time at Buskirk in this county, and during his residence there the *Troy Times* had the opportunity to print some interesting communications, both prose and poetical, on general affairs from his facile pen.

Troy Observer

The death of Albert S. Pease, the founder of the *Troy Press* in 1863, removes the last of Troy's journalistic "Old Guard" that made Troy famous in the days "that tried men's souls." during the Civil War period. Troy's galaxy of journalists in those days contained men of courage, brains and originality; men who were outspoken in their criticisms of right and wrong; men who did not conduct their editorial col-

umns under instructions from the counting room, but directed their editorial thought on what they deemed was just and proper in the treatment of public questions. Mr. Pease was a ready writer, a fluent talker, and withal a man who readily gained prominence in the public eye. He was one of the old school of newspaper men that have passed away to make room for a class whose columns are controlled absolutely from a commercial standpoint, the public welfare being a secondary consideration. He was a man who possessed those attributes that made him a welcome guest in any circle and it is with keen regret we chronicle the fact that he has passed away.

GENEALOGY



GENEALOGY

From the marriage of Albert S. Pease to Sarah Elizabeth Denton the following are sprung:

- I. Sarah Eva Pease. b. Poughkeepsie, Feb. 28, 1853. m. June 15, 1883, Rev. John Henry Mueller, of Swiss birth, U. S. citizenship. Settled, Ellsworth, Ct., Sheffield, Mass., Bloomington, Ill., where she died June 23, 1901. Buried in cemetery at Buskirks.

Children:

1. John Howard Mueller. b. June 13, 1891, at Sheffield, Mass. B. S., Wesleyan College, Bloomington, Ill.; M. S., University of Louisville, Ky., Graduate scholarship and instructor at College of P. & S., Columbia University, New York, 1915.
2. Albert Felix Mueller. b. Sheffield, Mass., July 19, 1892. m. Leta Maud Best, dtr of Dr. and Mrs. E. H. Best, of Freeport, Ill., Sept. 3, 1913. Resides Bloomington, Ill., 1915.

- II. Albert Irving Pease. b. Jan. 1855. d. Nov. 12, 1857. Buried Poughkeepsie cemetery.

- III. Charles Benjamin Franklin Pease. b. Poughkeepsie, Sept. 18, 1857. A. B. Williams College, 1886. B. D., Yale, 1889. Pastorate at Ashfield, Mass., West Troy, N. Y.,

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Plattsville, Ct., Quaker Hill, N. Y. m. Dec. 27, 1888, Mary Jessie Cole, dtr of Harvey T. and Caroline Waterman-Cole, of Williamstown, Mass.

Children :

1. Dorothy Pease. b. Ashfield, Mass., Mch. 29, 1890. B. A., Smith College, 1911. Teacher in New Haven, Ct., High School, 1915.
2. Theodore Mitchell Pease. b. Ashfield, Mass., Jan. 27, 1892. B. A., Yale, 1914. Teacher, Loomis Institute, Windsor, Ct.
3. Marjorie Pease. b. West Troy, N. Y., April 28, 1894. Smith College, class 1916.
4. Roger Waterman Pease. b. Ashfield, Mass., Aug. 2, 1898. Attending New Haven, Ct., High School, 1915.

IV. Mary Ida Pease. b. Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Dec. 22, 1859. Graduate, Saratoga Springs High School. m. Albert Whiteside, South Cambridge, N. Y., Sept. 26, 1881. d. Jan. 17, 1883. Buried, cemetery at Whiteside Church, South Cambridge, N. Y.

Children :

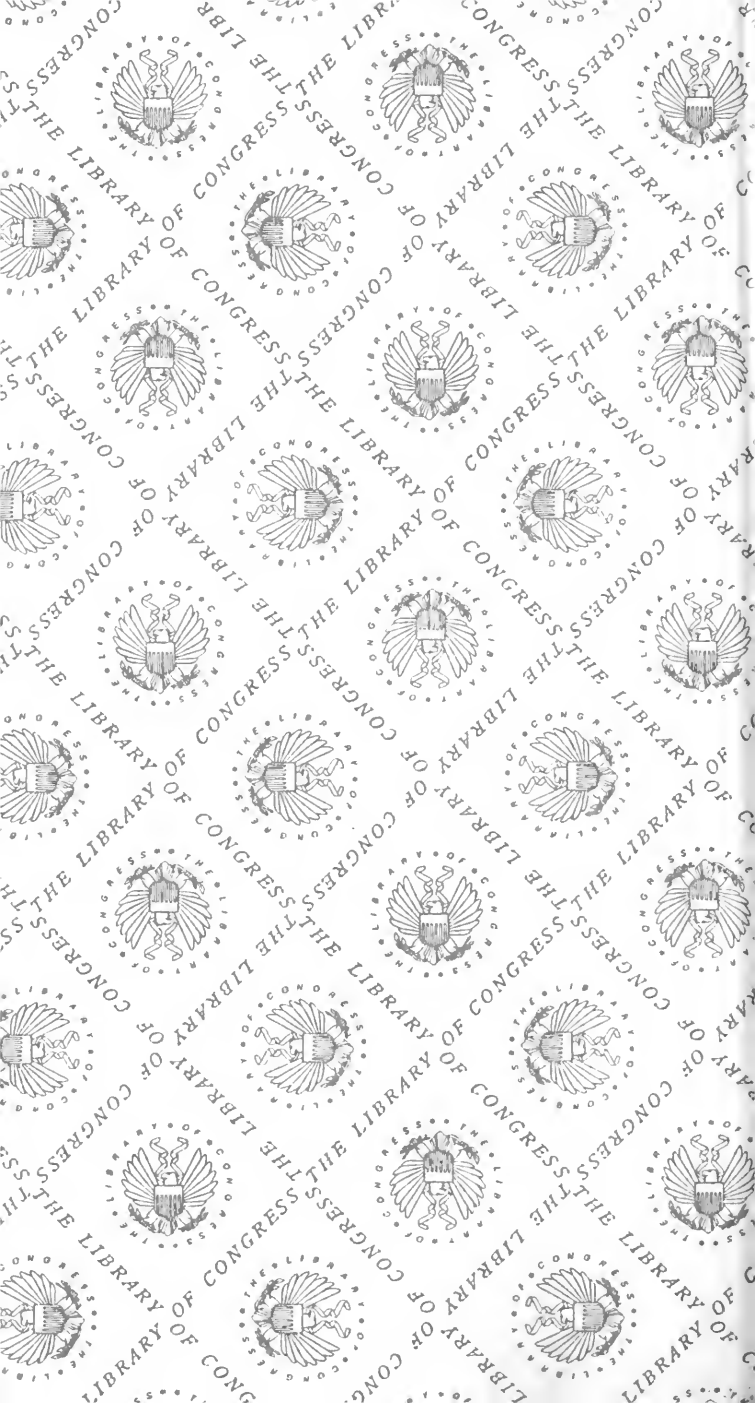
Twin girls, b. Buskirks, N. Y., Jan. 16, 1883. One of the twins died. The other, Ida Pease Whiteside. A. B., Vassar, 1904. A. M., Vassar, 1906. Assistant at Whitin Observatory, Wellesley College, Mass., 1907-1910. Missionary under U. P. church Missionary Board, in Egypt, Africa.

- V. Nellie McClellan Pease. b. Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Jan. 8, 1862. Graduate, Saratoga Springs High School. m. Albert Whiteside, South Cambridge, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1885. Resides, 1915, at Whiteside Acres, South Cambridge, N. Y.

Children :

1. Henry Edward Whiteside. b. South Cambridge, N. Y., January 21, 1888. Took four interrupted years at Union College. m. Rosalie Mary Thieringer, dtr of Charles and Mary Vossler-Thieringer, of Bayonne, N. J., Dec. 6, 1911. Resides in Whiteside Homestead, South Cambridge, N. Y., 1915.
2. John Charles Whiteside. b. Aug. 19, 1893. 2 years at Cornell Agricultural College. m. Gladys Durfee Hoag, dtr of Shandanette and Minnie Durfee-Hoag, of Greenwich, N. Y., Dec. 23, 1913. Resides Whiteside Acres, South Cambridge, N. Y.

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